

teresting facts learned was that the swallows and most of the Icteridae had already begun preparations for the southward migrations. Many of the birds were evidently still burdened with household affairs, but many of them were in the molt.

To you who find a rail-road journey irksome I beg to recommend a note-book tonic. It will do as well at one time of year as at another, and whether the journey be over new or familiar ground. It will be no harder on the eyes than reading, and far less confining.

LYNDS JONES, *Oberlin, Ohio.*

A PUZZLED GOLDFINCH.

Our woodshed is lighted by a single window of six small panes, or rather, five panes and a hole where one ought to be. On the outside a grape-vine is trained against the wall, and has grown up so as partially to shade the window. An ambitious runner has found its way through the open space and is groping wildly about in the inner gloom. This runner forms the mainstay of a complicated system of cobwebs which cover the window inside.

Yesterday, my wife, as she was passing through the shed, heard a peculiar tapping on the window, and called me to see a female Goldfinch seeking admission by one of the lower panes. We were at a loss to know at first what she was after, but came to the conclusion that she was hunting cobwebs. The particular pane she was at had a tempting network of them on the inside. The bird pecked and fluttered and worried for a long time until she gave every evidence of being mentally depressed. It was her first experience with bottled cobwebs, and it put her out considerably. She tried different panes so far as she could find support for her feet. Several leaves brushed the glass, but they would not hold the bird's weight, so she hit upon the scheme of biting the outer ribs in two and doubling the leaf over on itself. Thus folded the leaf would support her and she could peck away on the windows to her heart's content. All this time she manifested no interest in the broken pane where she might have secured easy access to a perfect mine of cobwebs. So enamored was she of her self imposed task, that she paid little attention to me as I approached from the inside. I even proffered her a grass head through the opening, and she nibbled at it sulkily without show of fear.

To-day she has returned to the attack. The outside webs have all been gathered, and I doubt not that she is somewhere lining a nest with

them, instead of the wonted thistle-down which is unavailable this year. There seems, however, to be a fatal fascination for her in the window, and especially in a lower corner pane, to which she now devotes her principal attention. Hour after hour we have found her there, until it seems as if it would be a mercy to drive her away. She has great trouble with her foothold. One leaf seemed well located except for the fact that another leaf tickled the back of her neck. That leaf must be punished! Again and again she flew at it in righteous indignation, and it has been drubbed so severely by the irate little beak that nothing but stumpy ribs remain.

Once we came upon her when she had blundered inside. She was zealously engaged in finding the hole she got in at, and had apparently forgotten her spider-web hunt. In her excitement she tried every pane but the right one. Cobwebs caught her, but she indignantly plucked them off. One, by an irony of fate, attached itself to her tail, and from it a large yellow moth depended. The little bird made frantic efforts to dislodge this disgrace and was finally successful. For what self respecting bird would endure to be tagged by a moth? Finally she gave up hope of exit through the window, and fluttered wildly about the room, uttering plaintive cries. Faster and faster went the circles until I feared Goldikins would come to grief, but fortunately, the door being now open, she dashed out into freedom. "Thus endeth," thought I, and I stole away to write her up. But no! It was not five minutes till that silly creature returned to that window, and there she has been for the last half hour—as she is at this moment—inanely pecking on the glass. The mystery of glass is evidently addling her poor little brain! What ought I to do about it?

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SUMMER BIRD STUDY.

The question has often been raised, What can be done in the way of field study of birds during the depressing summer months? There are some serious difficulties, it is true. There is the annual scamper to a summer resort, the debility caused by excessive heat, a scorching sun in the fields and countless but not debilitated insects in the wood. To those who find it necessary to seek a summer resort I have nothing to say, more than the suggestion that camping in some unfrequented place is both healthful and restful. It has been my great privilege to conduct a class of some thirty-four students in bird study during the term of our Sum-